

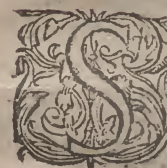


## The Hi

Henrie th

*Enter the King, Lord Io  
Westmerland,*

*King.*



O shaken as we  
Find we a time f  
And breath sho  
To be commen  
No more the thi  
Shall daube her  
No more shal<sup>l</sup> trenching War  
Nor bruse her floures with th  
Of hostile paces : those oppos  
Which like the Meteors of a tr  
All of one nature, of one substa  
Did lately meete in the intestin  
And furious close of ciuill but  
Shall now in mutuall wel-bese  
March all one way, and be no  
Against acquaintance, kindred  
The edge of warre, like an ill-s  
No more shall cut his Maister :  
As farre as to the Sepulchre of  
Whose souldier now vnder wh  
We are impressed and ingag'd  
Foorth with a power of *English*  
Whose armes were moulded in  
To chase these *Pagans* in those  
ouer whose acres walkt those  
A

